

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

(CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.)

There was no signature. None was needed. Ralph Trenholme was desperately angry. He chafed like a caged lion. This woman whom he did not love, whom he married solely to please another, was dishonoring his proud name, and making him merely a tool to play upon with her subtle wit, at her own pleasure. He shut his hand like a vise. This would he crush her power to disgrace him further, he said, hoarsely. When she did return, she should give an account to him for these mysterious absences, or he would make her a prisoner to the Rock.

On the night of the third day he found her sewing quietly in her little private sitting room. She looked up coolly as he entered.

"It is a fine evening, Mr. Trenholme," she remarked, indifferently.

He laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and bent his dark, fiery eyes upon hers. She met the gaze without flinching.

"Madam, where have you been?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with anger.

She shook herself loose from his grasp.

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, quietly.

"I ask you, where have you been?"

"And I don't choose to tell you."

"You must tell me, I will take no cold evasions! Tell me, or by the heavens above us, you will repent it!"

The red leaped into his cheek.

"Do you command?"

"Ay, I command! and the sooner you obey the better!"

"And I shall not obey. There is the bell; I am going down."

She rose, lifted her arm to put her work into a hanging basket. In so doing her sleeve fell away from the wrist and her husband noticed that the heavy garnet bracelet she had always worn was missing.

"I don't see your bracelet!" he said, half inquiringly.

"I have laid it aside. Garnets are not so becoming to me as they were before I lost my color."

He detained her a moment to say, in a voice low and deep with stern determination:

"Imogene, you will consider yourself an inmate of the Rock for the remainder of the winter—for all time, until you explain to me this mystery. I leave it with you to decide, whether I shall confine you to a single room with bolts and bars, or give you the liberty of the whole place, and let your word of honor be the chain that keeps you here. Decide!"

She looked up into his hard face, and her own set lineaments softened. She remembered how she loved him. It made her a simple woman, ready to obey the man she loved.

"I will remain here. I will not go away. I give you my word, and it shall be a chain."

"Very well," he said, "so be it." Then in a gentler tone, as if suddenly recollecting that she was a woman—"Any time when you desire to explain this mystery, I will listen gladly, for it goes against my will to use this semblance of cruelty."

Mrs. Trenholme bowed softly, and went up to her chamber. After that, she spent most of her time in her room. In vain her husband's mother urged her to come out of her retirement. She always had some reasonable excuse for her conduct, and after a while she was left to herself. Ralph scarcely saw her now, save at meal time. He never came to her; never spoke a soft word to her. He never looked at her, even when she had spent long hours in making herself beautiful, hoping to attract his attention.

Business called him to Boston for a week. He merely announced the fact at table, and went away without any leave-taking. He did not see the ghastly pale face that from her window watched him ride away; he did not know that for hours after his departure his wife lay in a heap upon the floor, not weeping—women like her seldom weep—but breathing great shuddering cries.

"O heaven!" she moaned, "for his love I have risked everything, and behold he hates me!"

Ralph returned home about 11 one cold stormy night. He took his horse to the stable himself, without disturbing the butler, and came to the house by a path through the garden. The sound of his wife's voice from behind a clump of evergreens arrested him. The night was dark and he stopped and listened. He was a man of the stentest sense of honor, but under the circumstances he felt no scruples about hearing what was not intended for his ear.

"I tell you this must never occur again!" she said, in a low, firm tone. "If it does—!" The remainder of the sentence was spoken in a whisper.

"Beware how you threaten!" hissed the voice of a man; "I have the power yet! and if you do not deal softly, madam, I will not hesitate to—"

"Hush!" she said, quickly; "the very air has ears. Do not come if you need more. Write to me. You know the place where letters reach me. Take this, and go."

She put something into his hand. Ralph pressed forward, and peered through the bushes, but it was so dark he could discern nothing beyond the outlines of a tall, dark figure, heavily bearded and wrapped in an immense shawl. For a moment he was tempted to rush forth and annihilate them both on the spot, but prudence held him back. He would wait and watch. So he stood quietly in the shadow, while Imogene returned to the house and her



CHAPTER X.

THE close of a boisterous day in March, a traveling carriage stopped before Trenholme house, and a little figure, wrapped in furs alighted. She inquired for Miss Trenholme and Agnes went down to meet Helen Fulton.

The girls embraced cordially.

"Something sent me here, Agnes," said Helen. "Goodness knows I didn't want to come! for there was Hal Howard just ready to pop the question to me, and Sam Jenkins wanting to marry me, and I hadn't my pink Thibet dress half flounced and papa couldn't very well spare me, but I had to come! Letitia was cross, just between you and me, she's half in love with Hal Howard herself, and he's got the sweetest moustache! And how do you do, dear? and how did you get through that awful journey?"

"I am very well, and I was in time," returned Agnes. "Come into the sitting-room now, and let me present you to the family."

"Are there any gentlemen?"

"None except my brother."

Helen made a comical grimace.

"Then I needn't brush my hair, nor put on any of my sweet things, nor any of my nice little smiles, need I? Women never notice such trifles, and as for old married men—bah!"

Agnes conducted her into the sitting-room. Imogene was there with Mrs. Trenholme. She did not look up as they entered. She seemed absorbed in thought. She sat silent, a great deal now. Her white hands were crossed on her lap, her great eyes fixed on the snow-covered landscape without. She was dressed in heavy black silk, and wore no ornaments. The elder Mrs. Trenholme kissed the young guest, and bade her welcome. Then Agnes led her up to Imogene and named them to each other.

It was a decided case of mutual antagonism. Both were repelled strongly, though both refused to let it be known by word or gesture. Their hands met, but the touch was like ice and snow.

The moment Helen and Agnes were alone the former said:

"Who is that woman?"

"My mother, and—"

"I mean the one with the eyes."

"She is my brother's wife."

"Does he love her?"

"He married her," replied Agnes, a little proudly. "Men do not usually marry women for whom they do not care."

"O, I don't know about that!" said Helen, gravely. "I think they do. Men are nuisances. Did you know it, dear? But then they are nice to help you out of carriages and put on your shawls and pick up your sash and spool cotton, when you drop them on purpose. Sometimes I think I wish there hadn't been any men, but then when I want to talk nonsense to somebody, and have somebody to tell me how pretty I am, I'm right glad there was a masculine gender in Murray's grammar. Where was that queenly Imogene when your brother's first love was murdered?"

"She was here. She was to have been one of the bridesmaids."

"Ah! What a delightful tea rose you have!" she rattled on, and looking at her gay, careless face, an indifferent observer would not have believed that she ever had a serious thought in her life.

Helen had not been long at the Rock before she got a hint of the haunted chamber and she at once made friends with the servant, and obtained the whole story. Instantly she made a resolve. She meant to sleep in that room, and fathom the mystery. She was a girl of strong nerve and undaunted courage, and not by any means inclined to superstition. During the day she made the chamber a visit without the knowledge of any of the household.

It was a large lofty room, with white ceilings and paper hangings of a pale rose color and white. It had been sumptuously furnished, but now the last lay thick and dark over everything. The great windows were hung with silken webs and the closed blind gave admittance to no ray of sunshine. There was the bed, snowy-curtained, where she had last slept. By Ralph's orders it had remained undisturbed ever since. Helen touched the costly trinkets on the table with something like awe—remembering who had used them last. There was a knot of ribbon that the murdered girl had worn on her bosom; there, too, was the little gold brooch that had fastened her collar. In a closet hung the bridal dress, spotted with blood, side by side with the stiffened and stained veil, to which the dead orange flowers yet clung. Their petals crumbled to dust beneath the touch of Helen, and emitted a faint, sickly sweetness.

"Helen Fulton, are you afraid?" asked the girl of herself, putting her hand on her heart to see if it beat quicker than its wont. "No," she said. "Helen is not afraid. Not at all. Won't it be splendid to tell grandchildren, that their courageous grandmother slept in a genuine haunted chamber? Won't the little darlings creep into bed in a hurry and wrap their heads up under the coverlet?"

When night arrived, Helen excused herself early and went up to her chamber. She dressed herself in a thick, warm dress, put a heavy shawl over her shoulders and making sure that the lamp was full of oil, she made her noiseless way to the haunted chamber, entered, and locking the door behind her, put the key in her pocket. She

meant to be secure from all intrusions. Ghosts, she agreed would not need to open the door to get in, if they were orthodox ones. The lamp burned brightly and lighted up every nook and corner of the apartment. Helen did not mean to go to bed; she sat on the sofa and crocheted, laughing a little to herself, at the idea of watching a ghost and crocheting a sash at the same time. A dead silence reigned. The wind which had blown through the day subsided and not even a deathwatch ticked in the wall. The old clock chimed 10, then 11—Helen's bright eyes began to droop. She was growing decidedly sleepy, and before she knew it her head had sunk to the arm of the sofa and she was asleep!

The consciousness of some presence beside her own woke her suddenly. She started up and rubbed her eyes. A cold current of air swept over her, chilling her from head to foot. The door into the passage stood wide open and her lamp swayed in the blast of air like a willow tossed by autumn gales; and just behind the great arm chair where Marina had sat when the fatal blow was struck, stood a tall figure enveloped in gauzy white, and upon her head and over her face was the bridal, blood-stained veil—Helen could have sworn it! The right hand of the spectre, the long, delicate, marble-white hand was extended toward the chair; the other was tightly pressed against her heart.

Helen took a step forward, but before she could lay a hand upon the strange presence it returned, dropped the veil upon the floor and vanished through the open door. Helen gave pursuit, but the long corridor was empty—there did not linger behind even so much as the echo of a foot. For this time the girl was baffled. But one thing she remembered. The door of that chamber had forgotten locked and the phantom had been unable to lock it after her; she was unable, it appeared, to pass through keyholes. And how did you do, dear? and how did you get through that awful journey?

"I am very well, and I was in time," returned Agnes. "Come into the sitting-room now, and let me present you to the family."

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MODERN HUMOR.

A Bad Omen for It—Lamb and Dickens.

Familiar Examples.

The bad omen for modern humor is that the minds of so many humorists seem to be in a state of habitual flux and hardly able to distinguish between their grasp of the feeling they want to surprise by a contrast, and their grasp of feeling with which they want to contrast. It says the Spectator. When Charles Lamb, with his usual stammer, answered the dense farmer who asked him how the turnips were likely to yield, that he supposed that would depend on the boiled legs of mutton, he realized at least as keenly the stiff clay of that eastern country's mind as he did the hop, skip and jump by which he passed from it to his own frivolous anticipation of the dish with which he was most accustomed to relish turnips. But the modern burlesques which fill their verse with execrable puns show no mastery either of the grotesquely limited minds they want to strike a spark out of or of their own impatience with those minds. Instead of the slight shock which true humor should always give, the common, modern humorist only confuses you with a jumble of ideas from which no distinct sense of incongruity nothing but a sense of incoherency emerges. Now, more bewilderingly derides humor. Humor responds only to a sharp sense of contrast, a sudden effervescence between the alkali of habitual association and the keen acid of the humorist's happy caprice.

When Dickens makes Mr. Weller, Sr., describe his second wife's death in terms of his usual coachman's metaphors, "After that, though we put on the brake all we could, she went down hill very fast, and paid the last pike at a quarter past 6," we hardly know which surprises us most, the conventional phrasing of the old coachman's professional phraseology, or the inconceivable inaccuracy of its terms to the meaning he desired to express. The humorist should have the strongest possible grasp of the strict limitations of the minds he is playing upon, as well as of the surprise he intends to give them; it is usually the former which fails; while it is just the former which gives all the keenness to the latter.

THE FALL OF BOGU.

He Used to Be a Divinity, but He Is Plain "Bog" Now.

Contact with the Aryan race has played the mischief with the Indians, but it brought others low, also, says the New York Press. Long ago there was a divinity called Bogu or Bogha, or Bagala. By and by Bagala sank to a speck. He became a peepo to scare Irish peasants with, a horrible being that came at night to suck blood from the living. He turned into a bogymon, or, as it is sometimes pronounced in the west, "bogger-mon." That is nearer to what the original sound must have been. Note also in this connection that five-tooth combs are used in order to catch "boggers." Poor Bogu took two or three paths, all downward. Not only did he turn into a common terror but he became a sort of bogus terror. In fact the word "bogus" itself came from his name. He is a scare with nothing back of him, a ghost that turns out to be a white-stump. He is a bugaboo, a bugbear, an imaginary difficulty. He degenerates into a sprits that plays tricks on sleepers, knots their hair, upsets the milkpans and the like. He is Puck, the joker, and no body respects the joker. But worse is yet to follow. "The sun shall not burn thee by day, nor the bug by night," it reads now. "The terror by night," but the word has gone out and now the despair of cleanly housewives, the occasion of the sale of so much stuff warranted death to every elixir, bears the name of the deity in whose honor altars smoked.

Belonged to His Wife.

"Did you see Jabbarson last night spending money like a prince?"

"Like a prince? He blew in about \$1. Do you call that like a prince?"

"Sure. The money was his wife's."—Indianapolis Journal.

The dress to be worn by the Empress of Russia at the coronation ceremonies next year has just been ordered in Paris. It is to be decorated with pearls and gold, and will cost \$200,000.

HUNGARY'S BIG SHOW.

MILLENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE HUNS AT BUDAPEST.

Like The World's Fair at Chicago It Will Remain Open for Six Months—A Thousand Years of National Life.

(Special Letter.)

THE opening of the Millennial Exposition at Budapest, Hungary, is the great event of the month. A peculiar, even unique, interest attaches to the show, inasmuch as the exhibition is pre-eminently of Hungary itself. The nation offers itself to the examination of other nations. Its origin, its development, its present status, all will be included in the revelation. The whole Magyar history will be shown visibly to all observers. The continuity of the race, its persistent local life of a thousand years, its gradual evolution to modern times, its extraordinary evolution to its advanced civilization of today, its contemporary refinement in letters and the arts, its aggressive use of every resort for the betterment of social conditions—all these will be set forth in distinct and orderly, yet in picturesque and delightful, fashion for the edification of the world. The scenic beauties of the exposition, both natural and architectural, could not be surpassed; the arrangement of the festivities which are to occupy the six months of the millennial season has been carefully planned, and its execution will doubtless satisfy all the exigencies of the occasion.

The official program of the fete has been announced, and is as follows: The inauguration of the Millennial exposition by his majesty, Francis Joseph I., the apostolic king of Hungary. Religious services in St. Matthias' church, in the presence of the king.

The king, St. Stephen, St. Ladislaus and the princess St. Margaret, all in the style of the middle ages. The walls are simple. On one side of the room there is an elevated estrade, while the space in the middle of the room is occupied by twelve chairs in the Roman style. From here one enters the reception room, the arched ceilings and walls of which are covered with ornate carvings in the Roman style. In a niche covered with heavy, costly rugs is a sofa for the king. The polychrome marble mantelpiece reaches up to the ceiling; a wide, commodious bench, partly fluted work, partly covered with flat ornaments from the eleventh century, is found in the middle of the room. Among the other pieces of furniture a



THE ROYAL PALACE, BUDAPEST.

richly furnished chest is especially to be mentioned.

The following room is the king's private chamber. From the windows one may look at the lake, from the terrace one sees the imitation of the city hall of Pozsony and the village church, to right and left, the many towers, gables and cupolas of the exposition buildings.

This room will have an arch-like oak and mahogany ceiling. The gorgeously furnished chairs have fluted backs and show ornaments on both sides. Seat and back are made of cut leather. In a similar style is a high-backed bench, and the writing table is a masterpiece of cabinet work. Also in this room one finds a profusely luxurious niche for repose. The hemispheric drawing room, in early Gothic style, has an arched ceiling with Gothic carvings; the walls are covered with enameled china flagstones.

This room is to remind us of an epoch of rigid customs, and, therefore, lacks soft comfort. Everything is simple, solid, hard and mainly answering the personal taste of the illustrious lodger. Soberly, the rugs and the embroidered upholstery of the chairs and seats form a modest concession to modern comfort. The mosaic floor is partly covered by costly rugs, bear and lion skins. According to the taste dominating in the middle ages, the carved work is not plastic, but indented. The whole furniture is made of oak, dark-stained and only in order that the room may not appear too gloomy discreet gliding is employed in a few instances.

Each piece of furniture and all the

details of ornaments were designed by Architect Allpar, whose wonderful historical buildings aroused admiration everywhere. The execution lies entirely in the hands of Hungarian artists and manufacturers.

King Oscar of Sweden has given permission to exhibit two objects of his treasury that are of particular interest to Hungarian history. They will be sent to Budapest and exhibited in the historical main group. One of these objects is the sword, bearing the picture of Stephen Bathory (Prince of Transylvania and later king of Poland) and a Turkish sword that Prince Gabriel Bethlen presented to King Gustavus Adolphus II. These arms are kept in the Laffranch Kammararen (armory) in Stockholm, and are of such extraordinary value that before their exhibition they will be insured for 100,000 Swedish crowns.

The captive balloon will be especially interesting. It will be furnished by the common ministry of war. It will be installed on the market place of the Exposition village and will be inflated before the eyes of the public. It is the largest balloon ever constructed for the Austro-Hungarian army. Soldiers of the Aerostatic Division will ascend and illustrate the usefulness of the captive balloon for military purposes.

September 20, inauguration of the monument of Arpad, erected at Zimony, on the Croatian territory.

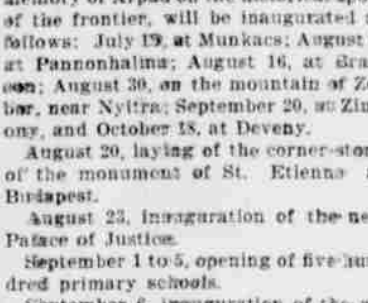
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October 4, inauguration of the Francis Joseph bridge at Budapest.

October 11, inauguration of the new Museum of Industrial Arts.

October 31, closing of the Millennial exposition.

The Count Eugene Zichy organized last year, at his own expense, a large scientific expedition, which had for its purpose the seeking of traces of the Magyars in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Last winter the count returned to the Caucasus to complete his investigations there, which will be published in a volume showing the congenial relations of the Magyars and the best of the Caucasians. Evidence of this will be contained in a visible form in a large mass of material which the count has gathered. These collections of matter, as curious as significant, will be exhibited at the Millennial exposition. They will be contained in the church in the ethnographical village. The bulk of them is something enormous. The count states that his finds will enable him to represent the national possessions of the Magyars before the con-



THE ACADEMY—BUDAPEST.

quest of Pannania. The value of the collection to the savants, in fact, to all interested in the history of the Magyars, can hardly be over-estimated.

Instead of a king's pavilion, apartments have been prepared for the highest protector of the Millennial exposition, King Francis Joseph, in the Roman historical building.

This idea must be considered an exceedingly happy one. The facade of the Roman edifice is one of the remarkable features of the whole exhibition; it is a copy of the church of Jak—a pearl of the Roman style, and at the same time the oldest Hungarian historical period, the time of the Arpads. Here, in the midst of the venerable and artistic relics from the first kings of the country, the king of Hungary will receive the homage of his true Magyars, and here he will welcome the high-ranked guests of the Millennial festivities. The apartments that he will occupy are located in an incomparable frame and furnished in princely splendor, but with a refined taste. The apartments consist of an entry hall, three drawing rooms and a dressing room.

The entry hall has a wooden beam and rafter ceiling, and its wall decorations suggest the early middle ages. Mighty door wings lead to a roomy waiting parlor, of which the ceiling and rich painting are imitated from one of the side chapels of the cathedral in Pecs. The windows bear glass paintings of the kings, St. Stephen, St. Ladislaus and the princess St. Margaret, all in the style of the middle ages. The walls are simple. On one side of the room there is an elevated estrade, while the space in the middle of the room is occupied by twelve chairs in the Roman style. From here one enters the reception room, the arched ceilings and walls of which are covered with ornate carvings in the Roman style. In a niche covered with heavy, costly rugs is a sofa for the king. The polychrome marble mantelpiece reaches up to the ceiling; a wide, commodious bench, partly fluted work, partly covered with flat ornaments from the eleventh century, is found in the middle of the room. Among the other pieces of furniture a

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October 11, inauguration of the new Museum of Industrial Arts.

October 31, closing of the Millennial exposition.

The Count Eugene Zichy organized last year, at his own expense, a large scientific expedition, which had for its purpose the seeking of traces of the Magyars in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Last winter the count returned to the Caucasus to complete his investigations there, which will be published in a volume showing the congenial relations of the Magyars and the best of the Caucasians. Evidence of this will be contained in a visible form in a large mass of material which the count has gathered. These collections of matter, as curious as significant, will be exhibited at the Millennial exposition. They will be contained in the church in the ethnographical village. The bulk of them is something enormous. The count states that his finds will enable him to represent the national possessions of the Magyars before the con-

QUEER COINCIDENCES.

Striking Occurrences, Many of Which Have Become Historic.

The late well-known archaeologist, Albert Way, crossing Pall-Mall, canonized against an old gentleman, says the New York Mail and Express. After mutual apologies cards were exchanged. On each card was printed "Mr. Albert Way." The older gentleman, dying, left his fortune to the other Albert Way.

The planet Neptune, which had for countless ages revolved in the heavens unseen by any one on earth, were discovered simultaneously and independently in 1846 by Profs. Adams and M. Leverrier, the two most brilliant astronomers of the day.

Some few years ago a shepherd boy placed a sleeper on the railway line between Brighton and Falmer, with the result that a train was thrown off the rails. One year later to a day—almost to a minute—that same youth was struck by lightning and instantaneously killed within a couple of miles of the spot at which the accident occurred.

Sir Walter Besant tells of the following curious coincidence which happened to himself. "I was consulting," he says, "an artist with regard to the face and feature of a character which he was illustrating for me and I briefly described to him the kind of face I had in mind. He was meanwhile rapidly sketching a face on a piece of paper he had before him. 'Will that do?' he asked, showing me the exact portrait of the man I had been thinking of."

The four King Georges of England all died on the same day of the week.

A lady lost a ring on "The Underground." She returned and reported her loss. At that moment a train entered the station, when her ring was found on the step of her carriage, having completed the circle in that position.

At a place of worship in Rotherhithe, some little time ago, the minister was telling how Wellington said at a crisis of one of his great battles: "If darkness would only come it would save him." Hardly had he uttered these words when the gas went out in the chapel.

In 1890, a few weeks before the census taker began his enumeration of the people of Elm Grove, Va., the town authorities counted their own population, preparatory to filling articles of incorporation. The following was the remarkable result: Number of males over 21 years of age, 148; number of males under 21 years of age, 148; number of females over 16 years of age, 148; number of females under 16 years of age, 148.

Some four years ago in Teheran an English sailor was caught in the act of carrying off some precious stones from the shah's palace. The thief was brought before the "king of kings," who swore that next time the sailor crossed his path he would at once be put to death. It is a curious fact that this very sailor was crossing the street when the shah was driving in Berlin, now some years ago, and was knocked down and instantly killed.

Some Julius were on exhibition in Aberdeen and a gentleman who had been in South Africa himself went and began to talk with the men in their own language. One of the natives was exceptionally shy which rather attracted the gentleman's attention. He looked at him more closely and recognized him as a man who had worked for him in Natal and had run away with a pair of trousers which did not belong to him.

Neck Ruches are in Favor.

Neck ruches are now substituted for high collars and the variety displayed in the shops is endless. Some are made of alternate double strips of black and white tulle several inches broad and plaited very full in the center. Boys of black satin ribbon are added at the back or sides and fasten in front. Black and colored net, embroidered with cream lace, is also used, and very stylish ruches are made of black chiffon with a satin edge gathered to a ribbon band and wide enough to fall fully ten inches on the shoulders. Black satin bows or bunches of violets decorate these.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

Beat lime into the most impalpable powder, sift it through fine muslin, then tie some in a thin muslin; put on the edges of the broken china, some white of an egg, then dust some lime quickly on same and unite them exactly.

If grease becomes spilled upon matting apply powdered French chalk and benzoine. Cover the grease with chalk and sprinkle lightly over the benzoine. When the latter has evaporated brush off the chalk and the spot will vanish also.

It is good to take a morning walk, if possible, because the air is then more pure and fresher than later in the day. Changing the shoes on coming in is refreshing and resting. Heavy skirts and coats for walking should be avoided, as they cause fatigue.

Dip a piece of flannel in paraffin, and rub well over the article desired to be polished. When thoroughly cleansed, polish with powdered bath brick. Stair rods and bath taps done in this way preserve their brightness for a very long time, the paraffin preventing tarnish.

Dishes should be arranged for washing in the following order: Glass, silver, cups and saucers, plates and other dishes. Wash the cleanest first and only a few at a time. Two pans, one for washing and one for rinsing, should be used. Plates should be well scraped before washing, and dish rags and towels kept very clean and sweet.

The bran bath, an exceedingly soothing bath, and one which has both an emollient and whitening effect upon the skin, is prepared by placing two pounds of bran in a large muslin bag and allowing it to soak in half a gallon of hot (not boiling) water for three or four hours before the bath is required. Then empty the bran water into the bath.

Make a weak solution of soda and warm water. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and let it soak for two hours, then rub it till quite clean. After rinsing, ring it well in a rough towel, dry quickly and pull about till quite soft. It will then be better than most new leathers.

Should Women Promise to Obey?

A dozen or so of San Francisco clergymen have been expressing their opinions on that objectionable clause of the marriage service that bids the woman to "obey." Their solemn decision, which will be a welcome one to western brides, is that the word and its implications are repugnant and that obedience will be optional with the woman in the future.

Have more religion than you can carry in your head.

A Summer Resort Book Free.

Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent, Washburn Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Washburn Railroad.